

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM
OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD
ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Seventh Year, No. 8

MARYKNOLL :: OSSINING P. O., AUGUST, 1913

Price 50 Cents a Year
Twelve Issues Yearly

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ALONG THE BANKS OF CHINA'S ROYAL RIVER.

(Photo sent by Fr. J. M. Fraser, a Canadian priest now laboring in Taichowfu.)

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll::OSSINING P.O.
NEW YORK

Issued every month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Ordinary,—Fifty cents a year (domestic)
Sixty " " (outside U.S.)
Associate,—One dollar

Advance payment is requested.

Checks, money orders, etc., may be made payable to REV. J. A. WALSH.

Advertising space is limited and rates will be furnished on application.

This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.

It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

* *

OUR LAND-SALE RECORDS:

January.....	68,255 feet.
February.....	65,942 "
March.....	67,452 "
April.....	36,419 "
May.....	35,045 "
June.....	48,115 "
July.....	54,333 "
Total to August 1.....	375,561 "

* *

"IT'S too bad the Church in this country is so late in taking up the foreign mission cause."

This remark was dropped recently to the writer by one of the most zealous pastors in New York City, a man whose name is widely known and whose great, good heart is open to every form of charity, particularly to that which helps the 'down and outs.'

* *

Pray for vocations to the foreign missions.

WE owe special thanks to Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Illinois, who has not only released to us a promising subject but has generously covered the yearly expense of his Seminary course.

Such charity must react on the diocese that fosters it.

* *

OUR court case—the celebrated one in which our name is associated with oil-wells—has not yet reached the finished stage, but the prospect is good. St. Joseph and St. Lawrence have been our special protectors in this matter, and we have confidence that all will be well, whatever happens.

* *

MANY of your present friends and most of the new acquaintances you will make this summer have never heard of THE FIELD AFAR and, unless they happen to be active Protestants, know next to nothing of foreign missions.

Some of these—we refer now to your Catholic friends—will thank you later for bringing to their attention THE FIELD AFAR and all that it represents. *Without your suggestion* they will probably go on their way strangers to a great Cause.

* *

THE North American Catholic press, both of the United States and Canada, is certainly becoming alive to the foreign mission idea.

This awakening has been slow, but the excuses for its tardiness are quite reasonable.

Our papers have had a thousand and one vital public issues to note—they will never have less—and all kinds of local happenings to chronicle. Then there was the comforting assurance that our own country needs missionary effort—what country does not?—and there were no traditions of any apostolic effort except that which has been expended in our own land.

So it is not to be wondered at that our editors left the foreign mission idea out of their calcula-

tions and kept no pigeon holes for such a remote subject. They themselves were not interested and they naturally believed that their readers would hardly be attracted by news or stories bearing upon the work of the Church in heathen lands.

Occasionally, when some sensational item appeared in the secular press, they would take it up. A widely published massacre or reference to a leper mission would arouse their pride and bring out a fitting eulogium on the martyr spirit of the Church.

But these occurrences were rare, or at least rarely discovered, and about the only opportunity for an American Catholic to catch the foreign mission idea was that which came to him when some traveling apostle visited his parish church or when he chanced to read one of the two mission periodicals, the "Annals" of the Propagation of the Faith and those of the Holy Childhood.

Both these worthy publications were prepared abroad, by foreigners; they were poorly printed, wretchedly illustrated and sparsely circulated. Yet they did no little good, and more than one priest in this country owes his vocation, under God, to the influence exerted on his youthful soul by this reading.

To-day the opportunity for American Catholics to imbibe the foreign mission spirit is considerably better.

Many of our weeklies devote a column or more to this vital subject, some of the secular dailies show a desire to present it to their readers and several foreign mission monthlies are published now in this country.

Up to the present, however, the surface of Catholic thought has scarcely been scratched by the foreign mission idea. It is quite true that the average American Catholic knows next to nothing of this form of activity in the life of the Church.

It is good, in view of this fact, to note such an editorial as appeared recently in the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario, from which we quote:

At the suggestion of a valued friend, the *Catholic Record* will have a regular department devoted to notes on the foreign mission work of the Church.

The generous response to the *Record's* appeal for financial help in behalf of the zealous Canadian priest, Fr. John M. Fraser, who has consecrated his life to work among the Chinese, is an evidence that many of our readers are already deeply interested in foreign missions. Our new department will serve to stimulate that interest, deepen the realization of the fact that Our Divine Lord commissioned His Church to teach all nations, and perhaps implant in the hearts of many a germ of apostolic zeal that will bear fruit, not alone in increased financial assistance, which is the privilege of all, but also in the inspiration of young and generous souls to give themselves to the work.

* *

The Vénard Apostolic School.

WE are getting ready for our venture at Scranton, Pa. A house on high ground has just been leased, at a fairly low rental, and a search is being made for furnishings—and a cook.

Through the generous help of some of his Boston priest-friends, the Reverend Director of this, our first apostolic school, has already secured a starting fund, and he will proceed without delay to make it go as far as he can.

We have decided to open the school Monday, September the eighth, with from six to twelve students. These will form the historical nucleus of the Vénard School. Already we have accepted six applications and are considering others. We shall be pleased to have different sections of the country represented, as they are at Maryknoll.

Our Director at Scranton, whom we shall introduce to our readers



"AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM."
Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest, that He send forth laborers into His Harvest.—St. Matt. IX. 38.

later, will need house supplies from cellar to garret—a wash-tub, kitchen utensils, table-ware, dish-cloths, towels, chairs, study-tables, beds, mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases, and several other necessities, including a good stock of brooms and scrubbing brushes for presentation to each of our students. (We never charge them for such items.)

He will go to Scranton a stranger, but we are certain that he will soon find good friends in that strong Catholic centre. In the meantime we who watch him from without will assure ourselves from time to time that he is not 'melting away' for lack of nourishment.

Between ourselves, dear reader, the present is a timely moment to give him the hand of help. We are going to fill his cellar with apples, potatoes and other farm products. We would like to do more but we have troubles of our own. So we call on you, assuring you that we shall not be envious if once, or even twice, in a while, you forget Maryknoll and think of the Blessed Vénard Apostolic School in Scranton, Pa.

* *

Have you read "Thoughts from Modern Martyrs?" It is an attractive little volume of 120 pages, with illustrations.

The Souls of Apostles.

IT is related of a French missionary, Mgr. Augouard, that when he first set foot on African soil, an officer said to him, "No one can live long here. At the end of two years you will have to return to France."

The missionary's reply was simple—"Sir, we do not come here to live, but to die."

No less edifying is the story of Fr. Michael Fabre, who was killed at Fez.

This young Franciscan, exiled from his native France, had taken refuge in a Swiss monastery.

One day he was told that the Provincial wished to know whether he was willing to go to Morocco as a chaplain.

"With all my heart," was the reply.

"But you will have to start in two days."

"Very well, I am ready."

"And what of your father and mother?" said his Superior.

"My father and mother? Oh, if you only knew them! They are such good Catholics. They would be happy indeed if I should die a martyr!"

What Missioners Say of Us.

I know too well the usefulness of English-speaking priests in China, not to be interested in your noble and indispensable work.

Americans were always welcome here, but they are still more so now that the United States has recognized the new Republic. When the Chinese learned this news, they quickly hoisted the American flag, organized a procession and marched to the consulate to show their gratitude. The same enthusiasm is manifest when American war-ships enter the harbor. The Chinese are always glad to see them.

Your future missioners will be well received here.

Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo, China.

I pray God to keep the fire of apostolic zeal burning brightly in your Seminary, that its sparks may inflame the hearts of the American people. They are so enterprising that they will surely accomplish wonderful things when once they turn their energy towards foreign missions.

Many thanks for the opportunity of reading in *THE FIELD AFAR* the simple, touching letter of "little Eusebius." You now have two protectors in Heaven, for both brothers, the Blessed and the Canon, will be praying for your Seminary.

I had forgotten to send you my promise to say a Mass for your Society and its benefactors. But I have already said the Mass and to-day I am enclosing the written agreement.

†Pierre, Archbishop of Tokyo, Japan.

Useless to tell you that I thank you from my heart for having placed me on your complimentary list for *THE FIELD AFAR*. May God bless your work and enable you to soon send laborers to the Far East! I shall look forward to the happy day when the first fruits of your work will leave Maryknoll for the conquering of souls to our dear Lord and Master. Meanwhile, I will do what is in my power to help you, and although I cannot give any pecuniary aid, I will try to interest others, and for my part have entered you and your work among the daily intentions of my offering to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

I enclose also a leaflet of our Apostolic School in Urakami. You may like to hear that after the difficulties of the cradle, the work seems at present to be on a good footing, and this is due certainly more to the prayers than to the efforts of men. May you also enjoy the blessing of God on your so anxiously awaited work! F. SPENNER,

Yokohama, Japan.

Candidates for admission to our preparatory course at the
Blessed Vinard Apostolic School, Scranton, Pa.

should apply for information to

*The Very Reverend Superior : : : Foreign Mission Seminary
Maryknoll : : : : : Ossining P. O., N. Y.*

Candidates must be at least fourteen years of age. The number will be limited this first year and application should be made without delay.

"The path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day." Such is the future assured to your great and necessary work. The cross will not fail to attend its beginnings; but the cross is the seal of God's approval, the sign of growing strength, for "tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not, because the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost Who is given to us." These were my reflections as I read the recent interesting number of *THE FIELD AFAR*.

May the help of God be with you always! The grain of mustard seed will some day become a great tree, which will stretch forth its sheltering branches far over the world, and bring joy to the angels of Heaven.

J. TOUR, Nazareth Printing Press, Hongkong, China.

* *

THE FLIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN HEROES.

*Adapted from the French
by Victoria Larmour.*

Fair Youth, whose smiling lips and laughing eyes

E'er reflect the smile of land and skies,
Of father, mother, friends and all;
To whom the future seems a rare bouquet
Of springtime flowers strewn before thy way,

Why hasten so? Doth some one call?

Fair Maid, nigh bending 'neath the weight of roses

Which May from corbels rich and gay discloses

And showers on thy golden hair,
What sudden flash hath crossed thy peaceful mind?

Why dost thou hasten, leaving all behind?—

The sunlit skies are blue and fair.

Brave Youth, fair Maid, why hasten ye so fast?—

Trampling Fortune's gifts before you cast,—

Wedding gown and garlands fair,
Kingly crown, broad lands, bright hope and joy,—

Scorned as a sprig of broom which Breton boy

Crumples to dust and scatters in the air.

Tell me, whither are ye fleeing now,
With the light of joy and triumph on your brow?

What can ye seek with hopes so high?
Seek ye darker shadows in the deep,
Whiter snows on yonder mountain steep,
Or new planets in the sky?

Or seek ye fabled lands of honeyed dew,
Where humming-birds in beds of lotus blue

Gayly sing ere lovers rise;
Where the sea is calm and sailors only dream,

And, as they dream, their golden ships seem

To glide through blue and starlit skies?

What do ye dream, smiling and blushing so oft?—

Of flowers and forests and humming-birds' song so soft?—

Fair Maid, whose golden hair adorns
A countenance well fit for monarch's bride,

What dost thou wish?—Upon the Cross she gazed, and sighed,
"I only wish a crown of thorns."

Two thousand years since He died on the infamous gibbet;

On, on they go!—to China, Sudan, or Thibet,

Through fire, through ice, through the desert place;

Recking naught of the sword, or the rack, or disease,

Serenely they traverse high mountains and dangerous seas,

For one smile from His sacred Face!

On! On! unknown Heroes, triumphant and gay,
Trampling Fortune's gifts along your way,—

Golden dreams and garlands fair,
Bridal jewels, princely hope and joy,

Scorned as a sprig of broom which Breton boy

Crumples to dust and scatters in the air.

On! On! not all the pleasures and treasures of earth,

Richest gem, nor fairest flower is worth
A single thorn from the Crown of Christ.

More blest than they who conquer a world's domain

Are ye who bring to savage hearts the reign

Of Heav'n through the Cross of Christ.

China.

THE leper island near Canton, China, interests us. The priest in charge is an American citizen, though Belgian-born, and the Sisters are from the ranks of our young Canadian exiles, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of Montreal.

Fr. Conrardy is remembered in the United States, where he made a prolonged quest for help some time ago. For the past six years he has been steadily at work in the diocese of Canton. His efforts have received the approval of the government and he is soon to have charge of a thousand more lepers. He is already caring for seventy.

Fr. Conrardy writes:

I am well pleased to know that you have started an American Seminary for Foreign Missions. Indeed, it will not be long before many people will ask, "Why was it not begun sooner?"

We are all Catholics, but each nationality has something peculiar to itself. There is need here of Americans, men with their eyes and ears open, up-to-date, as they say in the United States.

How I long to see an American priest in Canton! It is true that here, or even in Hongkong, there are very few Chinese who understand English, but the presence of American priests will place the Church on a higher level.

Most of our converts now are of the lower classes, while among the young men who hold government positions, those who are inclined to be Christians become Protestants. Why? Because they know some English and are impressed by English-speaking missionaries. Of the French priests here, there are not any who speak English well, except one whose mother was Irish.

* *

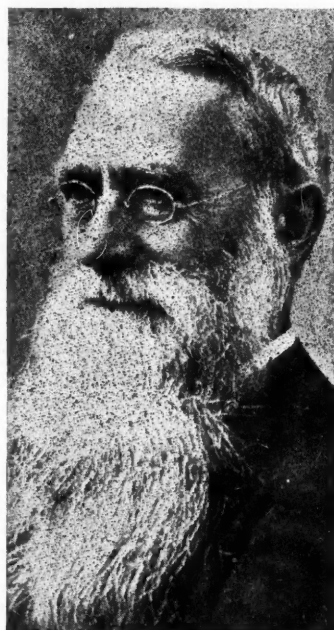
THAT French-speaking priests realize the need of Americans in China is shown by the following letter from Fr. Vincent Lebbe, Director of the Catholic Mission at Tientsin. Our readers will be interested also in the plan by which this enterprising missionary hopes to do something towards correcting the Chinese idea that Catholic and American are contradictory terms.

A writer in a recent number of THE FIELD AFAR speaks of the good that

American missionaries could accomplish in India. What he says of that country is a thousand times more true in the case of China.

Here America is more popular, more admired than any other country. But Protestants take care to give the impression that it is exclusively Protestant and anti-Catholic. What can we do? Is it any wonder that we long to have American missionaries?

At least I beg you to put me in communication with Mr. Lawrence Woo of New York and to forward to him the letter and papers which I am sending you. Mr. Woo could write us, in the name of the Chinese of America, Chinese tracts describing the flourishing condition of the American Church. Through



FR. L. L. CONRARDY, M. D.

him we could establish a bond between our Catholics of Tientsin and the Chinese Catholics of New York. Immense good might result from this. It would be a capital way of righting the false impression that is turning the people of China more and more towards Protestantism.

* *

A SHANGHAI Irishman—our old friend, Fr. Kennelly, S.J., sends us this description of Chinese family life:

As long as the father lives, he

The Maryknoll Land-Slide.

A PROPOSITION FOR YOU.

☛ Maryknoll embraces ninety-three acres.

☛ We reckon the cost at five hundred dollars an acre.

☛ This would mean about one cent a square foot.

☛ Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for eighteen acres.

☛ This is an excellent return, but there is yet a good opportunity to invest before all our land is taken. ☛ Send for a Land-Slip.

Address:

C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA,

Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.

governs the whole household. The sons, even when married, don't leave the home, but occupy different parts of the same house, and have no authority. They may not even let the beard grow in the lifetime of the father. On his death, the eldest son succeeds to the authority, the others continuing to live in the same house and working with and under him. The property is generally not divided but held in common. In the Chinese household, woman counts for little and has but scant influence. Her sons, when eight years of age, pass under the control of the father and escape from hers. In official wealthy families, she may not dine with her husband nor with those of her sons who are over eight years of age; nor may she go out to walk with her husband. Moreover, rich ladies can hardly walk because of their small feet.

Until six or seven years ago girls received no education whatever save what their mother, herself uneducated, might be able to give them. Since then a beginning has been made, and they are now sent to school. During the last few years, China has started to move seriously in the educational field. This augurs much for the future, and in ten or twenty years more we may hope to see a transformed and better race of people than we were wont to see in the unprogressive past.

Japan and Korea.

WE have lately received news from the Jesuits in Tokyo that will interest our readers. Our correspondent is Fr. Boucher, who writes:

Our High School has opened. The night courses in English and German are very satisfactory. They are attended by ninety students. The school proper counts only eighteen pupils, but we are grateful to have even so small a number for a beginning, as we had feared it might be still less. We are now hoping that the school may increase very soon.

Fr. Boucher encloses a letter written by an old French missionary, Fr. Ouillon, who has made an important discovery in the district once evangelized by St. Francis Xavier. The letter reads:

The city of Yamaguchi is a spot of great celebrity in the history of the Church. Here St. Francis Xavier once resided and here was located one of the first Catholic chapels in Japan.

This chapel was formerly an old pagoda. It was given to the Saint, together with the vast field before it, and the donation was confirmed by an edict of *Prince Ouchi Yoshinga*, in the year 1552.

For a long time the site of the temple was forgotten, but it was discovered a few years ago by means of an ancient map found in the archives of a pagan family.

Through the zealous activity and generosity of a noble English lady, this site has recently been bought and may become by and by a place of holy pilgrimage for the 70,000 Catholics of Japan. "We shall adore in the place where His feet have stood."

* *

SOME seven or eight years ago the editor of THE FIELD AFAR tried to entertain a missionary from Japan, Fr. Claudius Ferrand.

Fr. Ferrand was small of stature, and caressed a long, black beard that could serve as an excellent chest-protector, if not as a baseball catcher's guard. It afforded interest to all classes of people and so successfully rivalled the decoration of the bearded lady in a certain catch-penny museum, that it became an occasional embarrassment to the wearer's companion.



FR. FERRAND WITH TWO OF THE 'LAMBS' IN HIS NEW FLOCK.

The beard has grown shorter as Fr. Ferrand's travels have lengthened, but we are glad to note by the accompanying photograph that our zealous friend still prefers scissors or sword to a razor blade or sandpaper.

Fr. Ferrand writes from his new mission in Taikou, Korea:

In my first missionary journey through the diocese I found nearly three hundred Japanese Catholics, lost in the mountains of Korea and long deprived of the opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. What a joy it was for them to meet at last a priest who speaks their language! And what good I was able, by divine grace, to accomplish!

I am going to found a new mission for Japanese Catholics at Fusan, the first port of southern Korea. There are in this city more than twenty thousand Japanese emigrants, among whom a hundred are Christians. It is not necessary to say that I have no easy task before me.

The best of success to your new undertaking, so useful to the general good of the Church! When America has its Society and Seminary for Foreign Missions, the work of the propagation of the faith will advance with gigantic strides. We are all praying for you.

* *

A CALIFORNIA LAYMAN, who has spent several years in Korea as a metallurgical engineer, sends us this first-hand testimony of conditions in that country, with special appreciation of the work of Catholic missions:

In the ancient city of Seoul, in Korea, stands a Catholic Cathedral and a convent of the Sisters of St. Paul, both presided over by good Bishop Mutel. In this far-off land worthy priests and nuns are laboring freely and lovingly, for—well, we all know what for. These

people are laying up for themselves "treasures in Heaven," and are doing it with such a spirit of humility, poverty and devotion that they are an inspiration to all who cross their path.

The Koreans regard female children almost as a curse. They have too much humanity to kill them outright, but when there is any opportunity to turn them over to those who will love and care for them, they are quick to take advantage of it. They will leave children at the gate of the convent and even let babies down over the wall in baskets. The convent is thus filled to overflowing.

Though the rice bag is often very low, the good Sisters never refuse to shelter these abandoned little ones. They work hard and fast, taking in washing, making lace, and in all ways possible struggling to keep the wolf from the door.

Poverty? We in the United States do not know what poverty is, compared with the abject misery to be found in Oriental countries. Here the poor are crowded together in cities, while farms are crying for help. But in the East the farms are full of people. Imagine a place half the size of California, with a population six times as large! Such is Korea.

* *

To Boys and Girls.



HERE is your chance to send away an apostle, if you yourself can't go, or until you can go.

Father Ignatius is getting up what he calls the

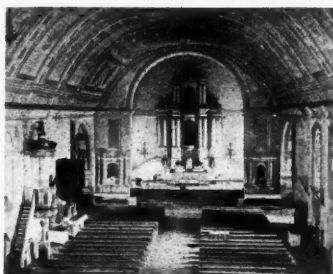
BURSE OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

This means that in honor of the Holy Child he is trying to gather and set aside the big sum of *five thousand dollars*. When Father Ignatius has accomplished his task, this money will be put out at interest and will enable our Seminary to educate a priest for all time.

Now don't think that Father Ignatius is going to get some rich man to give us \$5,000. No, he is after 500,000 cents, and he expects to secure them from 20,000 young people, each of whom will become

An associate founder in the Holy Child Jesus Burse.

The Philippines.



BISHOP FOLEY'S CATHEDRAL AT TUGUEGARAO.

BISHOP FOLEY is gradually realizing the advantages of life in the Philippines, our great American camp where all things are 'tinned,' as the Englishman says,—except, of course, the soldiers. The Bishop writes:

It's a great country, this! Everything is canned. We have canned meats, canned vegetables, and canned fruits. Our music is canned—it's all phonograph. And now it is very generally reported that many Republican office-holders over here are to be canned.

My Great and Only Secretary, he of Brookline, Mass., and Palanan fame, is in fine fettle and wishes to be remembered.

Egypt.

ALAY correspondent who has lived several years in Egypt writes:

Protestant missions in Egypt have made great strides in the last decade and much of the work accomplished is due to American Presbyterians. I do not hesitate to say that this success can be attributed in large measure to the fact that the missionaries are English-speaking.

And what of Catholicity? With the exception of a few English and American Franciscans and one Italian Order, everything is French! Is it any wonder that Egypt and the East are rapidly coming under the influence of Protestant missions?

Africa.

NEWs comes from Uganda that Fr. Henry, Superior General of St. Joseph's (Mill Hill) Foreign Missionary Society, received a

cordial welcome from the natives of Central Africa. He entered Nsambya, the head station of the Uganda mission, seated with Bishop Biermans in a rickshaw and escorted by a couple of brass bands, while hundreds of people streamed down the hillsides, shouting and clapping and begging his blessing.

Fr. Henry himself wrote us a few days ago that he had just reached England safe and sound. Last November, when he was about to begin the long journey which would take him to all the missions under his charge, he spent a few days with us at Maryknoll.

Oceania.

WE have learned in the last year a good many things about houses that we never knew before, but so far our knowledge has not reached the height of the roof for which Fr. Clauser asks information. We submit his request to our readers:

HOW CAN I HELP? YOU CAN.

1. Send us names of reliable persons, grown-ups, boys or girls, who would be likely to fill at least one of our List-Books and thus secure twelve subscribers.

2. Ask us to forward sample copies to your friends and at the same time notify them that you have done so.

3. Get consecrated women in touch with this paper. Show them its value, that it is as edifying as it is instructive, both for their charges and for themselves.

4. Bring it to the notice of the Sodality or Society, religious, literary or beneficial, to which you belong.

I should be much obliged to you if you could send me a description of the different materials used for roofing, besides galvanized iron and malthoid or rubberoid. We want something very light and very durable. I have heard a little about aluminum roofs. Are there such things, and if so, what are the prices?



A BREAKFAST PARTY IN OCEANIA.
(Photo sent by Fr. Clauser.)

Notes and Comment.

WE learn that the Catholics of Germany, in commemoration of the Kaiser's silver jubilee, raised \$340,000 for the Catholic foreign missions in German colonies.

* *

IF we were ever in doubt about our advertising page being read, that doubt has been dispelled by the number of calls that have come to us for Fr. Steinbrecher's pamphlet—*Vocations to the Priesthood*. This is a most encouraging sign of the times.

* *

OUR peripatetic associate, Fr. Price, visited some parishes in the Newark diocese before the heat-waves rendered the public mind impressionless.

He found good friends for THE FIELD AFAR at St. Lucy's, St. Joseph's, and among the children at the school of St. Paul of the Cross, Jersey City, also at St. Mary's, Plainfield.

* *

IT has been brought to our attention—and the announcement is especially gratifying—that at the Commencement Exercises of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., a paper was read on *The Foreign Mission Movement in America*.

The essayist was Michael J. McLaughlin, and we have reason to believe that he is the first graduate in this country to choose, or to have chosen for him, the subject of Catholic Foreign Missions.

* *

A Blessed Vénard Statue for the class-room!

Here is a suggestion for some admirer of our Saint who desires to arouse the apostolic spirit in the Catholic youth of this country.

KABAKA DAUDI, the King of Uganda, who has been traveling in England, recently paid a visit to St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill.

He was received by the students and faculty, and conducted to an improvised throne in the college lecture room. There addresses were given by the Rector, Very Rev. Fr. Aherne, by



THE YOUNG KING ON HIS THRONE.
(This photograph was taken in Uganda when King Daudi was seven years old.)

a representative of the student body and by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hanlon, formerly Vicar Apostolic of the Upper Nile. Through his many years of missionary work in Uganda, Bishop Hanlon has known the king from his infancy. He was present when His Highness, then only one year old, was placed on the throne.

The Mill Hill Fathers have attained great success in Uganda.

NEW EDITION - - LOWER PRICE

The Life of

Father Judge, S. J.

(An American Missionary in Alaska)

Through the story of travel and adventures among the miners of Alaska runs the thread of a noble apostolic life that will appeal to all who read it,—to none more certainly and with better effect than to boys.

293 Pages, 16 Illustrations, Bound in Buckram

Price, 50 Cents Postage, 12 Cents

Their report for the year 1911-1912 gives the number of Catholics as 23,999, with 17,337 heathens under instruction. Much of this progress has taken place during the reign of King Daudi.

* *

FR. GAVAN DUFFY, in India, has found some friends among readers of THE FIELD AFAR. One, who has read his desire to own at Maryknoll at least enough ground to stand upon, writes:

In the January number Fr. Gavan Duffy (I like the name) writes that he hopes for a *piéd-à-terre* in the C.F.M.S. I offer him my two remaining land-slips.

* *

In the middle of the last century, the first Vicar Apostolic of New Guinea wrote to Fr. Libermann, founder of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, "If you have any more martyrs, send them to me."

Fr. Libermann replied, "They are ready. I am sending them."

In sixty years six hundred members of this Congregation fell on the field of honor.

* *

WE have received from Fr. Leo Desmet, now a parish priest in Long Lake, N. Y., a pamphlet on *Catholic Missions in China*. Fr. Desmet, who was for thirteen years a missionary in Mongolia, read this paper at Clark University, Worcester, and it is now reprinted from the Journal of Race Development.

The Young Fisherman.

By Fr. John Wakefield.

THE end of June, the dream-days of every school-boy, had come and gone, and Carl Hoffman was out fishing, 'thinking it over.'

His diploma entitling him to enter the High School of St. Boniface College had been shown to the family, as also to some neighbors and to the visiting relatives. Carl had then tied the crumpled blue ribbon about the roll and tucked the document away into a drawer, for that framing day that usually never dawns.

And now, the boy sat on the river-bank, with his bare, brown legs dangling in the water and a fishing pole held tight in his two plump hands—for Carl was no puny youth.

He had stolen away from the house to be 'all alone by his lonesome,' because something had happened.

It was nothing that concerned anybody just now except himself, and that was the very reason why he didn't want to take even his chum, Joe Shea, along with him on this excursion.

It was like this. The day before Carl had gone down to the village on an errand and at the post-office had met Michael O'Kane, who had been away for a whole year, studying in some kind of missionary college, about which no one seemed to know anything.

Carl was naturally inquisitive, and besides, he had a strong liking for this big, manly chap, who was almost two years older than himself. He began to ask questions, and finally both boys became so

interested that they went over to the Common to sit on a bench and talk. The result was that each reached home late, and Carl quite upset his household because his mother had to wait for his return before she could serve the supper. He had not been met with a smile, but that was last night and now the storm had passed.

This morning everybody was in good humor. Carl had finished his chores early and now, with his head full of ideas from Michael O'Kane, he was 'chewing the cud' as contentedly as any of his father's cows lying in the pasture through which he had just come.

"So that's what he's studying for,—to be a priest over in Asia. I thought he'd be a priest, and I was going to follow him, but this Asia business is a new one on me.

"I'd like to cross the ocean all right, and it wouldn't bother me much whether it was the Atlantic or the Pacific. But to stay there 'for keeps,' away from the folks,—I never dreamed of that."

The boy stopped his musings.

There was a gentle twitching at the line, and he saw nothing in the world just then but the rippled water a few feet away.

Slowly he let out his line, for he had 'felt a bass' and was quite ready to let it swallow the bait and make off with it leisurely. Then the reel began to unwind itself more and more rapidly. The boy's face grew suddenly tense, and pressing his fingers on the line against his pole, with an upward sweep of his arm he 'snubbed' the fish and the fight was on.

It was a good fight, for the bass was no baby. Occasionally it

jumped clear of the water, to snap, if possible, the line that held it. Then it darted away with such strength that Carl was obliged to let out line several times before he could tire the fish sufficiently to get it near the bank.

When this was accomplished, the boy reached for a net, and skilfully enclosing the bass, lifted it to the bank and unhooked it, dropping it on the grass beside him.

Carl baited his hook again, threw his line in the same place, and in a few moments was deep in the subject of Michael O'Kane's relations to Asia and to himself, Carl Hoffman, recent graduate.

There was another nibble.

"It's great sport, after all," the boy said to himself. "I don't know but I'd like to spend my life fishing. . . . 'Fishing for a living,'—it sounds like loafing for a living. But then some pretty good people were fishermen. There was St. Peter—"

And he remembered Fr. Barry's sermon of the Sunday before. It was all about fishing. Our Lord was standing by the lake, then He went into Peter's boat, and told Peter to 'launch out into the deep' and let down the nets. And the net broke with all the fishes that it brought up. Then Our Lord told Peter not to be afraid, because after this he would be catching men.

"Well, I think I'd rather catch men as St. Peter did," the boy thought to himself, "than stick around a lake all my life. I could do some good if I tried to save souls,"—and Carl liked this thought of his future.

"But where should I go?" A line creased the manly little brow. Young as he was, he would demand an answer. Every boy had some special vocation, he had been told, and God would make it known. But he remembered too that he should pray. And there on the bank, still holding his rod, he said a fervent *Our Father* and added a *Hail Mary*, because he was fond of the Blessed Virgin, and was in the habit of going to her as to his Mother.

When he had finished, he waited to hear some voice direct him, but there was no sound except the gentle splash of the river flowing over the rocks at his feet.

"Where shall I fish for men? Here in some brooks of my native State?"

The wrinkle in his forehead had disappeared, and he was humming a tune that he had learned at the Church, a hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel. The refrain seemed to comfort him.

"Mother, tell me, what am I to do?"

He had resumed his hold on the pole mechanically, but now he reeled up, examined his bait, deftly looped his line, and cast well towards the opposite bank.

As he did so, the words of Our Lord to Peter escaped his lips—*Launch out into the deep.*

His hook had caught in some weeds and it was with difficulty that he extricated it, but he did not mind. Something told him that he had just found the answer to his prayer. He should 'launch out into the deep.' Beyond the oceans were millions whom the net of Christ had never circled, and some one must go to them.

Why not he? '*Launch out into the deep.*'

Carl went home to dinner with these words ringing in his ears and his imagination running riot. But he spoke to no one of his desire until the following Saturday, when he met Fr. Barry in the confessional.

The earnest priest was disposed to make light of the boy's hastily conceived purpose, but urged him to pray hard and go to Communion daily.

Carl managed to meet Michael O'Kane frequently, and the subject uppermost in both minds never failed to receive its share of attention. Carl secured much information, but did not let Michael into his secret until September, and then only after he had spoken to his father.

This happened on Labor Day, when Mr. Hoffman and Carl were fishing together. The boy told his story so frankly that the father could not object. But both lost interest in their pastime, and it was not until the next Sunday that Mr. Hoffman could see his way to discuss the matter with his wife. Then, however, he was able to assure the boy that both were willing to make the sacrifice for him, and thus enable him to make the sacrifice for God and for souls.

So it came about that Carl left the next week with Michael O'Kane for the Apostolic School, which would prepare him to enter the Foreign Mission Seminary and later to be a fisher of men, beyond the ocean.

Maryknoll, August, 1913.

* *

Can you use one of our Mite Boxes?

Blessed Théophane Vénard

His life and letters are published under the title

A Modern Martyr

This book is in six thousand homes today, in all parts of the world. It is in many public libraries and listed as one of the most popular books in circulation.

Price Ninety Cents

A Study in Burses.

A BURSE or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

A burse, or a share in one of our burses, may be paid in small sums sent occasionally at the benefactor's convenience. It may also be gathered from several members of a circle, a society, or a school.

COMPLETED BURSSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse	\$3,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	2,200.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,205.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	337.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	450.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00
Towards Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	580.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	281.44
Towards All Souls Burse	781.41
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	175.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	105.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	34.74
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	467.40
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	50.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	3.00
Towards All Saints Burse	22.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

American Missioners—A Prospect.

IN another decade it will not be true that 'American Catholics are represented in the foreign mission field by only a handful of priests.'

Even now there are in this country several branches of European orders or societies which have on their membership rolls 'apostles in the field.' The Congregation of the Holy Ghost, whose headquarters are at Cornwells, Pa., has sent some of its priests to Africa, and from the house of the same Congregation in Notre Dame, Indiana, several have gone to India; the Brothers of Mary, at Dayton, and Franciscans from the St. Louis province are represented in Eastern missions; and we are inclined to think that other European missionary societies with branches here, *e.g.*, the Missionaries of the Sacred

Heart and the Marists, have one or more Americans (born or adopted) on their missions. If not, we are bold enough to say that they should spare a few for that purpose.

In this connection we note a thriving German organization, the Society of the Divine Word, which has its headquarters in Steyl, Holland.

It was our privilege to visit this establishment two years ago and we left it, marvelling at the wonderful progress along foreign mission lines that had been made in a generation by our German co-religionists.

This Society has founded a branch in the United States, at Techny, Illinois, and expects in time to send from our country a goodly number of zealous apostles to some one or other of its several missions.

And our own National Seminary

Prospective students for Philosophy or Theology at Maryknoll should make an early application. Address: The Very Rev. Superior, Maryknoll : : Ossining, N. Y.

has hopes of a departure from Maryknoll after a few short years.

We are pleased to present in this issue a photograph of missioners sent out lately by the Society of the Divine Word in Europe. These young apostles left from different cities, some from Rotterdam, others from Amsterdam, Hamburg, or Genoa. Before their departure they were allowed to spend a few weeks with parents or relatives, after which they returned to the Seminary for a fortnight of final preparation.

We ask the prayers of our readers for these new missioners.



NEWLY ORDAINED MISSIONERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, STEYL, HOLLAND.

(These priests have just left Europe for the foreign field.)

Midsummer at Maryknoll.

IT'S not 'hahf-bahd,' our Mill Hill associate says, even while he mops his brow after a strenuous three hours at the carpenter's bench. And if we must say it, this rosy-cheeked son of England is pretty good at St. Joseph's trade. If he had been sent to the heart of Uganda a year ago, in place of coming here, there would have been a new mission chapel in that wilderness and several needs unsatisfied at Maryknoll. Uganda's loss, then, was our gain.

We are rarely without a breeze on the Knoll and with the help of a spreading some-kind-of-a tree we can enjoy shade even at noon.

Then in the evening we can watch the sun when it is good enough to set for us, since we live, let us tell you, on what is known to the natives of Ossining as Sunset Hill.

And here is some unvarnished testimony which is more convincing than if we wrote a poem on this subject.

The average Englishman does not like to admit American superiority, but our Fr. McCabe—perhaps it is because his name is not too English, you know—says that he has never seen anything quite so beautiful as these sunsets of ours.

And most of this young priest's life has been spent on the west coast of England, where he could see the sun set in the glories of Erin.

The students have left us for four weeks. We have no *villa* where they could spend their holidays, and we thought it wise not to give them too much of a good thing at Maryknoll. We had some other reasons, too, for letting them go out of our sight,—reasons which they understand and appreciate. They will be back at the nest, however, before this issue of THE FIELD AFAR reaches its readers.

In the meantime we have not

locked the barn-doors. Everybody has been working, and 'Down in the Cornfield' has come to have a new meaning for most of us.

It's a 'nice song' and is sometimes associated with 'Moonlight on the Lake,' but up here it recalls the sun on the back of the neck.

Our hay-crop is gathered. We are not 'blowing' about it, but we do not anticipate the need of buying fodder. The waving grass came off the fields and went up into the loft in double-quick time, thanks to our two Pennsylvania horses, a faultless mower, a patent hoist, and some more intelligent direction than the writer was able to give.

Those Pennsylvania horses are good ones. The only fault we have to find is that their former owner insisted on being paid for them and we are just so much out as a result.

Starlight and *Caspar* are the names of these two farm-horses. May it be a long time before they have to be mentioned in the past tense!

In the meantime *George* and *Billy* are not idle. *George* is a member of the light cavalry and *Billy* comes up with the supplies.

He cannot run, but he managed to back, the other day, with so much persistence as to upset a visitor at the gates of a Methodist camp-meeting.

'The Cows are in the Corn' is another song that we have learned to appreciate anew. How they got there we don't know, but we found them feasting at 10 P.M. recently and had hard work to drive them into their night pasture.

Except for this escapade, the cows have behaved in a very lady-like manner. But little Johnnie Bull was so naughty that we had to put a ring in his nose, and old Abigail Sow got so wicked lately, that she sprang over the side of the pig-pen and rushed for our head farmer, who came very near getting pigs' feet in the wrong place.

We could talk about other possessions, an army of chicks, a trio of ducks, and many varieties of birds and insects, welcome or unwelcome. But the editor has limited our space this month.

There is one blessing, however, which we wish to record. We are having a summer that is practically mosquitoless, and this is more than can be said by many



T H E P R I D E O F O U R F A R M .

of our friends who are paying high rates at a summer resort.

Some day we shall have a FIELD AFAR Cottage for those of our readers who would like to prove the truth of the above statement.

Plans are out, and specifications down to the point of a nail have been placed in the hands of a couple of contractors, who will hereafter be our friends or foes.

Plans for what?

For that addition which will give us a provisory Seminary with adequate chapel accommodations to serve us until we can build permanently. When we reach this stage, our present home will be retained for a special purpose to be announced later. Whatever goes into it now, therefore, must be solid. It certainly will be simple.

As we write, we are waiting for the figures and wondering how much higher than our own hopeful estimate they will go.

We expect to get from this addition

*A class-room,
A reception-room (for you),
A small refectory,
Eleven bed-rooms,
A hall recreation-room and
The Chapel, with sacristy
and oratory.*

We must provide three altars, a good-sized vesting-case, and seating accommodations for about fifty persons.

There is our problem. If you are inclined to help us solve it, send us a bit of green in any kind of envelope, so long as it is sealed and stamped.

Since writing the above we have had an unexpected gift. About a year ago we referred in these columns to a *Lady Bountiful*, a friend of the 'uncle' of Maryknoll (we will explain this later), who filled our larder and gave us a check for no less a sum than one thousand dollars.

Lady Bountiful took the Albany Post Road not long ago, and mounted our hill in a better-looking automobile than we possess. She came on a perfect day, saw our dream of a view and returned convinced, without argument, that we could make good use of another check.

A few days later she told us that when we were reckoning on our addition we should subtract the cost of our chapel and charge it to her account.

So Lady Bountiful has secured the chapel. May the Eucharistic God who will occupy it, bless her generous heart!



OUR FIRST ALTAR.

And you, dear reader, are you sorrowful because you did not take the chance when it was offered to you?

Well, be comforted. We cannot let you build another chapel for us until we get into our permanent Seminary some years hence, but we have now on hand the problem of putting up and paying for the addition alluded to above. Perhaps you can help us with this, if you are so inclined.

While we are on the subject, we are happy to inform prospective benefactors—of course we have such—that they need not worry about providing us with a bell.

Think of us when you are framing that will. Our corporate title is THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

We do not look for a large benefaction but for a remembrance at least. However small, it will be helpful in itself and in the encouragement of others to do likewise.

We asked for one some time ago and we were beginning to think that the appeal had not carried as far as the sound of the hand-bell we had cracked. But just then the echo came back.

Our new bell will be a real one, large enough for future as well as for present use. It is a splendid gift, made possible by the zealous interest of a truly Catholic mother, whose greatest ambition is to give her flock to the service of Jesus Christ, preferably in the foreign missions. This good woman's power of intercession with an aunt less poor than herself won the bell for our young Seminary.

The name of our benefactress will probably be inscribed when the bell is cast. Yet we say this with some hesitation, because as an almost invariable rule our benefactors do not wish to be known. This does not mean, however, that they are ashamed of us.

SISTERS of various Orders are gradually discovering the value of foreign mission interest. Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, Poor Clare Nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sisters of the Visitation, Dominican Sisters, Franciscan Sisters, Madames of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Cenacle Nuns, Carmelites, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Sisters of the Precious Blood—all these have proved their desire to co-operate with us. There are others, too, and we do not forget the Little Sisters of the Poor, who surely have given us a right to rejoice in the title—*Beggar of Beggars*.

The Help that Cheers.

WE wish to acknowledge to N. C., address unknown, a thanksgiving offering of one dollar.

* *

TO J. F., for whom we have no further address than Detroit, Mich., we are grateful for a contribution of two dollars for the Burse of the Holy Child Jesus.

* *

THE Sisters of the Holy Cross, in Manchester, N. H., have sent us lately \$22.65 for land—the result of land-slips distributed among their pupils.

* *

CHANGES of address are made without charge—to the subscriber. But we appreciate none the less the thoughtfulness of the good friend who enclosed seventeen cents in stamps "to pay for the cost of the new stencil."

* *

"A FRIEND" in Philadelphia has sent us a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for the Convent of the Good Shepherd in that city. We are grateful to the unknown benefactor who is thus zealously helping us to spread the good seed.

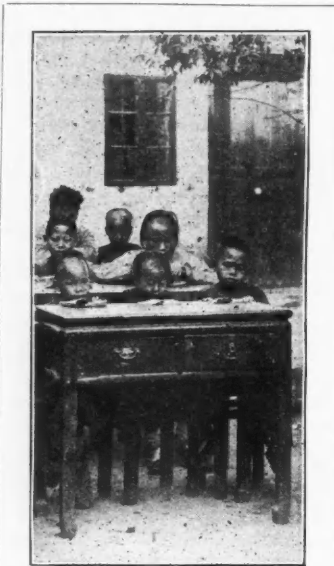
* *

A YOUNG woman recently sent us the first fruits of her new business venture.

The money, destined for one of our burses, had been paid to her for clerical service by a Congregational minister. It was quite suitable, however, for our use.

* *

AN interesting land-slip has come back to us from a convent school in Oakland, California. It was filled by some little third grade boys, each one of whom has made sure of his title by writing his name in the square that represents his 'lot.' The good Sister who inspired these efforts writes that the example of the third grade is soon to be followed by other classes in the same school.



WE LIKE ADDITION.

"AN old maid"—the signature is hers and we quote it with due respect—writes to us from Scranton:

Enclosed is a tiny contribution to your good work. I am so pleased to know that we are to have the first Apostolic School right here in our own city. May many, many more schools spring up and may the seed planted therein blossom in your Seminary and bear good fruit in every foreign land! I will offer some Holy Communion for your success and I hope to be able to send you more help next time.

* *

SOME Sisters of Mercy in the diocese of Portland, Maine, have helped us to pay for a good slice of our land. One of the Sisters writes:

You will find enclosed a check for fifty dollars. I wish it were for five hundred.

Our pastor kindly gave us permission to collect from the Sunday School children, and they were glad both to contribute their mite and to solicit from friends what they themselves could not give. It is encouraging to find all so eager to help.

* *

If you send us names of friends, we will forward to them sample copies of The Field Afar, until our issue is exhausted.

A HUNDRED dollars has come to us from a working-girl—a thanksgiving offering from a generous, truly grateful heart.

* *

SOME of our benefactors are 'a little fussy.' Here is one who buys land but insists that it shall not be near where our first horse is planted. And yet when the horse-chestnut tree, confidently expected, shall bloom, this will be a delightful spot.

* *

THE silk jacket and cap of a native Indian woman have been sent to us through the kindness of Fr. Merkes, of Madras. The garments, which call up a mental picture of Joseph's "coat of many colors," will brighten one corner of our museum—when we have one.

* *

FROM the deck of *La Touraine*, the French liner, we received lately a remittance of six dollars, which had something to do with several games of dominoes. We have no means at present of ascertaining further information on this score, or about it, but we have cashed the check.

* *

THE FIELD AFAR has found a welcome in Cincinnati, Ohio, thanks to the Tabernacle Society of that city. And the same society, with the encouragement of the Notre Dame (Namur) Sisters—among whom we count some devoted friends in other cities—has been mindful of our sacristy needs.

But O Cincinnati,—let us know some more of your good people!

* *

YOUR prayers, please, for the souls of:

Ann Doherty
John Gallagher
Mary Clarke
William Clarke
Ellen McMahon
Mary Mullaley
Timothy Shea
James Murphy
John Finn
Mr. Morris

Mrs. Morris
Sr. M. E. Morris
Robert Campbell
Daniel Donovan
Nellie Cronin
M. Kearney, Jr.
Mrs. E. Keating
Mrs. Hefferon
Bart. Shanahan
Mrs. M. Shanahan

The Continued Story.

SINCE our last issue we have welcomed the following gifts:

FOR OUR HOUSE AND CHAPEL

From

Five parochial school girls, Conn.: Pillow Cases and Towels.

Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, N. Y. City: Altar Cloth, Altar Cards, Wine and Water Set, White Vestments, Red Vestments, Kneeling Bench, Picture of Pope Pius X.

Mrs. F., East Greenwich, R. I.: Rug.

M. G., Providence, R. I.: Altar Linen.

Miss F., Providence, R. I. and Mrs. J., Lynn, Mass.: Rug and Table Covers.

FOR OUR MANY NEEDS

Less than two dollars.

A. R., Brookline, Mass.; J. McD., Newark, N. J.; P. D., Newark, N. J.; M. L. C., J. Plain, Mass.; M. M., B'line, J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; F. M. G., Boston; E. D., Prov., R. I.; S. M., Newton, Mass.; B. M. F., Phila., Pa.; M. G., Morristown, Pa.; M. E. H., Brookline, Mass.; M. G., Prov., R. I.; C. H., Newport, R. I.; C. M. D., N. Y. City; M. H., Quebec; E. W., Phila., Pa.; Friend, Newport, R. I.; Friend, Dorchester, Mass.; N. S., Springfield, Ill.; E. T. M., Prov., R. I.; J. M., Jersey City, N. J.; S. C., Chicago, Ill.; A. C., Boston; Mrs. S. S., Hartford, Ct.; Friend, New Haven, Ct.; J. E. F., Prov., R. I.; J. duF., Cohasset, Mass.; N. W., W. Newton; L. J. B., J. Plain; M. E. L., Ansonia, Ct.; C. L. O., Nova Scotia; through B. E. O'B., Boston; M. O'K., Boston; through C. K. E., Prov., R. I.; M. M., Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. B., Jersey City, N. J.; T. G. K., N. Y. City; Sr. M. L., Pasadena, Cal.; J. F. H., C'town; J. J. W., N. Y. City; J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; N. D., Chestnut Hill, Pa.; Friend, Los Angeles, Cal.; K. M. H., Egypt, Mass.; M. A. M., Newburyport, Mass.; through R. A. E., Hartford, Ct.; M. L., Prides, Mass.; S. O'D., N. Y. City; N. H. W., Brookline, Mass.; J. H. B., Dor., Mass.; M. G., Morristown, N. J.; E. L. C., Colebrook, N. H.; M. O'R., Prov., R. I.; J. C., Central Falls, R. I.; M. T. D., Somerville, Mass.; W. C., Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. C. S., C'town, Mass.; H. F., Dedham, Mass.; Sr. M., Alta, Canada; M. L. O'H., J. Plain, Mass.; Friend, W. Newton, Mass.; through C. K. E., Prov., R. I.; M. K., Wellesley, Mass.; Mrs. P. C., Oakland, Cal.; J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; Friend, V. C. H., Phila., Pa.; Friend, New Bedford, Mass.; A. C. N., Springfield, Mass.; T. E. R., Boston; J. M. L., Meriden, Ct.; M. K., Wellesley, Mass.; K. W., Dorchester, Mass.; C. M., Boston; N. M. F., Chester, Pa.; T. J. B., New Britain, Ct.; Good Shepherd Convent, Quebec; M. F., C'town, Mass.; B. McC., New Haven, Ct.; A. G., Sydney, C. B.; Friend, Washington, D. C.; J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; Mrs. J. B., Jersey City, R. M., Prov., R. I.; W. O'B., Cohoes, N. Y.; E. V. C., Worcester, Mass.; F. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; M. F., Warwick, R. I.; E. M. C., New Haven, Ct.; Mrs. J. J. F., Manchester Mass.; Friend, Morristown, N. J.; C. M. G., J. Plain, Mass.; Anon.; M. C., Magnolia, Mass.; M. A. F., Brighton, Mass.; M. K., Salem, Mass.; A. G., Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. H. F. H., Bangor, Me.; M. H., Arlington, Mass.; R. S. M., E. Boston; Prov. Friend; through St. Joseph's Convent, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Poor Clares, Boston; St. H. School Children, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. J. E., Cambridge, Mass.; M. P., Boston; Mrs. J. O'G., M. C., O'N., Hartford, Ct.; R. B., Lawrence, Mass.; J. N., S. Boston; M. E. C., Roxbury; M. J. O., Prov., R. I.; B. E. O'B., Dorchester, Mass.; J. McL., Barnstable, Mass.; Friends, Holyoke, Mass.; J. H. F., Phila.; Mrs. W. R., Hartford, Ct.

Two to five dollars.

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